

THE RETURN OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sapphire, Emerald, Diamond bright,
In the morning's early light,
A million dewdrops within sight,
Scatter the brilliant, warm sunlight.

A blanket of mist over the ground,
Dissolves into the trees around.
Above muted bird songs that abound,
Pours forth a heaven sent, joyous sound.

A torrent of music washes the land,
Music so hauntingly sweet and grand,
Gushes forth from a fountain close at hand,
Flows through the wood where the Birches stand.

From the West comes more of the joyous song,
Another source, that before very long,
Cascades from the woodland, loud and strong,
To blend with that of the avian throng.

Suddenly, trilling loud and clear,
Another song bird, now quite near,
From the North, it would appear,
Singing for all the World to hear.

The Heavenly songs, now blending sweet,
Flowing across the grass to meet,
And provide, for those who hear, a treat,
To equal man cannot compete.